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YESTERDAY'S GRIEF.

"The rain that fell a-yesterday is ruby on the roses,
Silver on the poplar leaf, and gold on willow stem;
The grief that chanced a-yesterday is silver that encloses
Holy loves where time and change shall never trouble them.

"The rain that fell a-yesterday makes all the hillside glisten,
Coral on the laurel and beryl on the grass;
The grief that chanced a-yesterday has taught the soul to listen
For whispers of eternity in all the winds that pass.

"O faint-of-heart, storm-beaten, this rain will gleam to-morrow,
Flame within the columbine and jewels on the thorn,
Heaven in the forget-me-not; though sorrow now be sorrow,
Yet sorrow shall be beauty in the magic of the morn."

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

FREE MEDICAL ATTENDANCE FOR UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

Arrangements have been made for a physician to give his entire time to medical practice among the students in Columbia University.

Under the old system a physician of high standing was employed, but one with a large outside practice which precluded anything but the most casual acquaintance with the students and the problems affecting their general health.

As a result students allowed ailments which they thought of no immediate consequence to go unattended and with very serious results often.

A member of the faculty says: "We felt that the university was not doing enough for the student body with the heavy responsibility imposed upon us. The out-of-town man who comes to big New York without the slightest knowledge of where to turn when in need of skilled medical assistance was not being cared for as he should be. A man was needed who could give his entire time to the care of the ten thousand members of the university community."

But the physician is not only to give medical attention in case of sickness. His activities will have far wider scope. It will be for him to ward off illness, to take the student and build him up. The greatest work of the new department will be in the preventive measures adopted.

The University of California has for several years had an arrangement with a Berkeley physician for free medical attendance for students conditioned on the payment by the student of $2.50 a term.

We like the plan. But why have it for students only? We hope to see the day in the not far distant future when physicians will be employed by the municipalities. We would rather see such a system of medical attention established than to see municipally owned water and gas and electric light systems. Actually, greater good would come from it! A paper favoring this was read a few years ago at a meeting of the American Medical Association, by a prominent physician. When Dr. Cabot of Boston was here a few weeks ago he urged the students of the University of California to go out and advocate for everybody a system similar to that now in existence in the University. Oh, the shadow of sickness for the average man! And the expense of it! And the loss, while sick, of the wage on which he and his family live! And the struggle often for years and years to get rid of the burden of debt thus entailed! These things almost crush the life out of countless thousands.

Perhaps some person of wealth says that he would like to have better medical service than he could get on such a plan. But here is a line in which everybody should have the best. And to the really altruistic isn't it actually painful to try to enjoy what the average man among our fellows cannot have?

We heard a father say once that it made him sad at times to think that he could send his boy to college while so many of his comrades could not go, and who wished to go.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

In 1882 the estimated Jewish population of the United States was 250,000. In 1910 it had increased to 2,000,000, and 900,000 of the number were in the Manhattan portion of New York City. There are now in Manhattan 203 synagogues, of which 152 are south of 59th street and east of Fifth avenue.

The Rev. Charles R. Brown has been preaching in Broadway Tabernacle, New York, the last month on such subjects as the following: "The Uses of Disappointment," "The Call of the City," "The Broader Vision of the Coming Kingdom," "The Gates of the City." "The Greater Things Ahead," "The Quitter and the Victor," "The Twentieth Century Good Samaritan," "The Man within the Man."

The Broadway Tabernacle, New York, loses a member of its choir who is said to have been a joy and inspiration to the congregation for ten years. She resigns to become a member of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company. How things have changed! There was a time when many church people would have thought a woman had given herself to the devil if she had resigned from the choir to enter an opera company. Today nearly everybody would imitate the Tabernacle people and wish her Godspeed and great success in her new field.

The Rev. Dr. Jefferson of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, writes from Scotland: "A Scotchman is not like an Irishman. They both know it, and I imagine that they both are glad of it. I felt the difference at once. As soon as we landed I asked a man on the dock the way to a certain hotel. He never moved a muscle. I was not sure he heard what I was saying. I was certain from his looks that he was not glad to see me. He looked as though he might eat me. He waited till I had completely finished my inquiry, and then answered me with the detailed accuracy of a guide book and the courtesy of a gentleman. This is characteristic of a Scotchman. He is often better than he looks. He does not take you into his heart so swiftly as an Irishman, but when you once get in, you find yourself in a very comfortable place."

A special worker among Oriental students in England has been secured. A London paper says: "There are between 2,000 and 2,500 Oriental students in the British Isles, and of these about eighty per cent come from India. A competent authority says that practically all these stu-

dents come to this country with high and pure ambitions. The death-blow to these ambitions and the ruin of the lives of many of these men are almost entirely the result of the conditions which meet them in our big cities. The utter strangeness of the new surroundings, combined with the student's own ignorance of standards and manners in England, have meant that many an innocent student has been flung into the most sordid surroundings, with no means of rescue which he can summon to his aid. Lonely and shunned, numbers of these students are facing temptations which not one in a thousand of us are called upon to meet."

After an inquiry into the prevailing conditions morally in England Bishop Moule says: "My inquiries as to gambling and drinking elicited replies which are not discouraging. Of course there is ample material for shame and anxiety. I note in the answers how facilities for betting are now brought to every door, how a certain betting newspaper finds the largest sale of any journal, and how surreptitious bookmaking is in one large parish a veritable cancer. Yet, the large majority of answers indicate that the vices in question do not seem, at the worst, to be gaining ground. The replies are practically unanimous that anything like a general state of infidelity—the crude and violent denial of God and immortality—is, to say the least, relatively rare; but from many parishes there comes a warning that Socialism of a non-religious and sometimes of an anti-religious type is growing. As regards "misbeliefs," the Mormon propaganda is noticed by many clergy, but only in one or two cases is it described as an evil pressing and growing. More often is it alluded to as a failure. There is a large consensus that the greatest obstacle of the day to spiritual advance is indifference."

VACATION RELIGION.

James M. Campbell.

There is a great deal of religion that does not seem to be able to bear transportation. Some of the good church going people, who come over to Avalon from the mainland to spend their vacation have apparently dropped their religion in the waters of the Pacific. At least they do not bring it along with them. They become lost in the pleasure-seeking crowd, and are not to be distinguished from them. When Sunday comes round, instead of wending their way to the little village sanctuary, they can be found bathing, boating, or disporting themselves on the golf links.

It is true that there are not a few who come over for a brief holiday who are so completely exhausted, physically and nervously, as to need a rest even from church attendance. We are not speaking of these, but of the able bodied who can take everything in except church attendance.

There are noble exceptions, of course, and not a few of them. Some there are whose yearly coming is eagerly looked forward to, for it means a reinforcement of strength to the little struggling church. They put themselves into the work in many helpful ways, and when they leave they carry a blessing in their hearts, and are followed by the benediction of a grateful people.

I noticed this summer an intelligent-looking young man who got interested in a bunch (that's the up-to-date word, isn't it?) of stirring boys in the Sunday school and taught them for several weeks. When interviewed he said that he got lots of fun out of it. The boys, I know, got something besides. What was my astonishment to find in this modest young man an Episcopalian clergyman. You would not have taken him for a member of the cloth; but there was no mistaking the fact that he was a Christian. He acted like one.

A very different case was that of a popular minister from one of our large cities, who came to this quiet spot to recuperate from a severe nervous break down. For a time he was able to go out but little, and his attendance at church could hardly have been expected; but when he recovered tone in this balmy, healing air, and could cover the golf course during the day, and take in the moving picture show in the evening, it would have been supposed that he was equal to attendance at church once a Sunday at least. But no; although with us for several months he never darkened the church door. If that good brother could only have heard some of the cirticism upon his conduct his ears would have burned. If he were coming here to preach I question if a corporal's guard could be got out to hear him.

I have found that even some of my personal friends give the church a wide berth. A group of young people from a former parish came to call upon me socially on a Monday, with excuses many and specious for being swept away on the current of things from church on Sunday.

These things might not mean much were they not symptoms of a prevailing condition. The bonds of church obligation have become very weak. A sense of responsibility in the matter of giving sympathetic support to the vacation church scarcely exists. When we go down to the bottom of things we find that this condition springs from a weakened sense of the authority of Christ as the Lord of the Conscience and the life. To stiffen character, to put a vertebral column into our religion, the thing that is most imperatively needed is the recognition of the supreme authority of Christ. Religion itself is a question of God's will versus self-will. It is not seeking our own will but His; not turning to our own way, but walking in His way. Conversion is the act of personal self-surrender to Christ. It is the prostrating of the soul at his feet and asking, "Lord, what will thou have me to do?"

Submission to the divine will is sure to call for the exercise of self-denial; and self-denial is the one thing which many professing Christians refuse to practice. We live in an ease-loving age, we float with the tide, we follow our own inclinations; we follow the line of the least resistance; we do the things we like to do, and give the go by to the things which we dislike; and yet we call ourselves followers of the Crucified.

Vacations form a test of piety. They also afford opportunities for the exercise of religion. The way in which we use the freedom they afford shows how we would act if social restraints were removed and we had our own way. The church member who turns a holy day into a holiday and spends his vacation Sundays in lolling in a hammock reading the Sunday papers, loafing, and indulging in worldly pastimes is certainly not adorning the teachings of his Lord and Savior by a walk and life becoming the gospel.

I ought perhaps to have said that to the prevailing indifference in our island resort to things religious there was an exception. The Christian Science visitors seemed to be united in giving their little church a boost. They attended its services, and worked for it between Sundays. They also

imported a noted lecturer to advocate the cause, and it was noteworthy how largely this meeting was attended by the representatives of the Los Angeles churches. Now, if we cannot accept the doctrines of these Christian Scientists, it will be to our advantage to imitate their fidelity and zeal.

One visiting pastor, at least, distressed at the trend of things, was heard to observe that in the future he would see to it that his people were admonished to make their religion portable, and carry some of it with them into their vacations, by putting into the churches within their reach the utmost measure of cheer and help. May others go and do likewise!

Avalon, Cal.

MARX, THE FATHER OF SOCIALISM.

Rev. Herbert Atchinson Jump,
First Congregational Church, Oakland.

"History is the biography of great men," declared Carlyle. "It is only a confused heap of facts," asserted Lord Chesterfield. "It is clarified experience," runs the definition framed by James Russell Lowell. "It is a lie agreed to," skeptically sneers Napoleon. But the hard-headed modern social student also has his formula; "history is the tale of humanity's quest after bread and butter."

But there is a philosophy of history also; and this implies a philosophy of bread and butter—a body of teaching dealing with the way in which men and women subsist in this material universe; and if you have the philosophy, you must have the philosopher to set it forth. Karl Marx, one of the great men of the modern age, the accredited founder of socialism as it exists today, a German intellect of rare comprehension and keenness, deserves the title "a philosopher of bread and butter."

Marx offered to the world an interpretation of the economic order quite as comprehensive as Darwin ever offered for the biologic order. Most philosophers have dealt with the omnipotent God and how he imparts his being to the world; Marx dealt with common man and how he gets his living seven days in the week. And it must be admitted that the latter line of inquiry secures a larger and more interested audience than the former. The head of man goes out on quests for truth, the heart of man in quests for love, and the will of man on quests for self-expression in action; but the stomach of man goes out on quests for three meals a day, or as close an approximation to that ideal as is possible. The millions that follow the loaf, therefore, are far more numerous than the thousands that follow the gleam. Marx was the thinker who tried to solve the problem of the poor man's kitchen and the rich man's factory. Hence Marx's writings are being eagerly read in China and Japan, in Australia and Scandinavia; there are Karl Marx clubs in Africa; his principles are being daily interpreted to millions in a score of different tongues. It may truthfully be stated that no single writer of the last century is so widely, so earnestly, so thoughtfully being studied by armies of readers as this son of a German Jewish lawyer.

Socialism a World-Force.

Socialism has now earned the right to a candid and patient hearing, and she is enjoying that right among all rational persons. When ten million and more followers are singing her songs throughout the world; when a million voters will cast their ballots for Socialist candidates in our country; when the elections a year ago showed that this party had captured 18 cities, invaded two legislatures, chosen more than a hundred public officers here and there over the country; when at the present time there are 337 cities and towns with Socialist officials; when there are more than 30 Socialistic newspapers and magazines in various languages being published in the United States; when there are not far from 100,000 children studying in Socialist Sunday-schools—it behooves every citizen to have some knowledge concerning this marvelous movement. Disraeli once declared that "the social question is only a zephyr now which rustles the leaves, but it will soon become a hurricane." Evidently the wind is rising and rising swiftly. And there is need for us all to trim our conceptions and our consciences to this wind.

Every radical novelty in the history of thought passes through three stages. First it is cursed, then ridiculed, then soberly investigated. More than a half century ago evolution went through these three stages. Then it was the higher criticism of the Bible; and now it is progressivism in politics that illustrates the law. Not different has been the experience of socialism. At first the agitators of the startling cult were mobbed and spat upon; later they were lampooned and cartooned; but now they are publishing their gospel in liberty all over the world, and no intelligent soul tries to scoff them out of existence.

What is the essence of this faith which Marx defined and organized into a world-force? It is a mighty protest against the social injustice of the present civilization and a serious attempt to secure equal rights for very man. It harbors within its capacious fold revolutionists of many kinds, mild students and bold thinkers and frenzied poets, discontented millionaires, starving toilers, almost any sort of come-outer against the social order that is, besides a growing number of the sober rank and file of humanity. A dozen definitions would be framed for it by a dozen disciples, but in general it aims to make the state supreme in industry as the state is now supposed to be supreme in politics; it would put governmental ownership in place of private ownership over a large part of the world's wealth. The writer of the Bigelow Papers reminds us that civilization moves forward occasionally upon the powder-cart. It is a different sort of cart that Socialism is using for the transportation of civilization toward the ideal; it is the ordinary cart in the street from which lay orators can harangue the passer-by. This new cause indulges in street-preaching as did the early Christian church; and nowhere will you hear more true eloquence, more downright conviction, more solemn sense of a prophetic call, than among the nobler Socialistic propagandists. They have what they call a gospel, and they are vigorously giving it to the world. And it looks as though many of the common people were hearing it gladly.

What Marx Gave to Socialism .

What are the main gifts to the Socialistic movement made by Karl Marx, the "Aristotle of modern political economy?" There are three. The first was the "Communist Manifesto," a pamphlet now translated into almost every language of the civilized world, which was written by Marx and Engel but principally by the former in 1848, and which is practically the charter of modern Socialism. It is to socialism what the Declaration of Independence is to American political history. The second service was the organization of the "International Workingmen's Association" in 1864, a concrete expression of the principle that wage-earners the world over must unite politically in a unity of interest and develop a class-consciousness aiming to secure social justice. The third was the publication in

1867 of "Capital," the most monumental work on political economy produced in this age, a treatise which furnishes the scientific basis for socialism. This work is so extensive that its three volumes take up about ten inches on the library shelves. No more explosive ten inches of political economy were ever given to the world. The industrial conservative would be justified in treating these books as he would a can of nitro-glycerine. Concerning its author, Mr. Kirkup, a hostile critic, admits that "in learning, philosophic acumen and literary power he is second to no economic thinker of the nineteenth century." You may disagree with the positions of this study wholly or in part, but the history of human thought cannot escape reckoning with its marvelous influence. By this threefold contribution of a program, a policy and a philosophy, Marx has earned the title of "the father of modern socialism."

Marx, the Man.

On his personal side few men present a more attractive picture than this shaggy-bearded lover of humanity. He was curly-haired. He was "fat like a barrel." He was jolly, passionately fond of children, ever ready with a joke or a story—"Daddy Marx" was his nickname on the street. His father had been a Jew and from a rabbinic inheritance Karl inherited his genius for fine-drawn argument; but his father also had been converted to Christianity and so gave to his son a tradition-free soul well adapted for the task of intellectual pioneering. Marx was a student of unusual ability and ever sought rational foundations for life. He said to Lasalle on one occasion, "We want brains, not powder, for the foundation of our revolution." But concerning the same fellow-worker he commented on another occasion, "He always wants twelve o'clock at eleven, like an impatient child." But Marx had the patience of a towering mountain and he was sure that his truth would some day conquer the world. Marx was persecuted, forced into exile, finally driven into unspeakable poverty, but he never wavered in his faith. Like the abolitionists of our own land or like the early Christian saints he counted all martyrdoms as part of his glorious reward. There were times when his wife and several children had to be supported on an income of five dollars a week; many a day he went himself without bread that the children might have it; and there were days when there was not even bread in the house. But ever his soul blazed higher and higher in faith, like some beacon-fire on a chill rocky mountain-top. "Tell the comrades," he cries, "that it takes more courage to live for the long struggle than to go out and be shot." This faith found voice in a farewell poem that was printed in the last issue of the "New Rhenish Gazette," a socialistic sheet suppressed by the Prussian government in 1849. The newspaper is supposed to have a personality and to be uttering its swan-song:

"Farewell, farewell, thou turbulent life;
Farewell, to ye, armies engaging;
Farewell, cloud-canopied fields of strife,
Where the greatness of war is raging.
Farewell, but not forever farewell,
They cannot kill the spirit, my brother.
In thunder I'll rise on the field where I fell,
More boldly to fight out another."

Through all these dismal experiences he maintained an integrity of moral principle that has not always been imitated by his professed followers. His family-crest had for its motto, "Truth is my maxim," and he lived truth as he breathed the free air of the sunny world. When suffering from poverty he nevertheless declined to accept lecture fees for his addresses, unwilling that even the slightest taint of commercialism should stain his prophetic calling. When his newspaper was suppressed, he pawned his family silver to liquidate the debts of the company, though they were not his personal debts at all. His almost morbid conscientiousness reminds one of Mark Twain's noble struggles to reimburse those who had put faith in the publishing house with which he had been connected. Clean and sweet in his private life, honest and generous in all his business dealings, broadly human in his relations to the world, Karl Marx was not only an intellectual pioneer but he was a shining example of what a simple human soul ought to be.

A passage in his career but seldom referred to was the part he played in molding public opinion in Great Britain at the time of the Civil War. A passionate admirer of Abraham Lincoln and convinced that the North was fighting for a principle that had applications far beyond the boundaries of the United States, he pursued with keen interest all the tumultuous history of those dark days. And when the public utterances of Gladstone and other British statesmen made it seem likely that Great Britain was about to recognize the Confederacy, it was through the initiative of Marx and by means of his boundless influence in the circles of labor that monster mass-meetings of workingmen were called all over England; and when mass-meetings voiced the sympathy of the common people with the cause of the North, the tide was stemmed that might otherwise have led to an alliance between England and the Southern Confederacy and changed the whole aspect of the Civil War period in American history.

The world is not a very large world any more. Pulsations of genuine humanity seem to have clairvoyant locomotive power and to travel every-whither disregarding bounds of space or race. So Lincoln in America and Marx in England sounded the note of fraternity. More and more we are acknowledging the brotherhood of the world-family.

Estimate of His Work.

What shall we say concerning the truth or error of Karl Marx's philosophy of bread and butter? Here an estimate has value mainly for the person who utters it. Many Socialists do not now accept in completeness all of Marx's teachings, but all of them accept more than do I—for I am not a socialist. The three outstanding principles of his social philosophy have each of them considerable truth, but each one needs correction before it can become a safe law for universal application.

Marx asserted the economic basis of all history. He believed that questions of bread and butter have been the determiners of all social evolution. They have done much, but they have not done all that has been done. The stomach is important but the human soul is more important; and in the providence of God there has entered continuously into the ongoings of his world an element that is not the product of economic forces. Call it the spiritual element, or the element of human will, or personality as you please; but God has let loose mighty spirits in the course of the years who have not been created by their age but who have created their age or a new and better age. There is a God-side to history as well as a bread-and-butter side. And even in the lives of ordinary men there have been

mighty moments and stupendous hours of vision or struggle or heroism, that were producers much more than they were product. The race has moved forward like a great sailing-ship, impelled in part by currents in the water where she floats, but also in part by invisible wind-currents in the heavens. The spirit bloweth where it listeth. Marx in his exaltation of economic law placed no value upon religion; therein his interpretation of the universe is faulty.

Marx asserted that a new form of social order was necessary in order to secure the age of social justice. In other words, he believed that it is only by rebuilding society from the bottom up that the new era can be ushered in, and that if we so build the co-operative commonwealth, we shall secure the high ends for which we are laboring.

Here he has a part-truth and suffers from a part-error. Modifications are needed in the present social order, modifications which in some cases will be tantamount to a rebuilding. But that these modifications cannot be brought about except by social revolution, millions of us do not believe. Many ideals, for which socialism alone stood a few decades ago, have now been adopted and utilized by the civilization wherein we live. This is proof of the elasticity of our present state of things, and assures us that still further adaptations may be expected.

The political dream of the socialist may render the same service that has been rendered by the theological protest of the Unitarian. A few decades ago the Unitarian declared that liberalism and humanity could be found only under his banner. Thousands listened to the call and went out from the orthodox church. But more thousands stayed in, and being not disobedient to the heavenly vision, they have liberalized the orthodox church until now there are some timid souls who are charging the whole church with having become Unitarian. This is not a true charge, but the illustration serves the purpose. Socialism will react upon the present social order criticising it at many points, forcing modifications in many particulars, and perhaps it will never formally win political victory. Meanwhile we need ever to keep close to heart the wise warning implied in the epigram that "socialism thinks it can alter the nature of the bee by changing the shape of the bee-hive."

The most hopeful direction in which to look for our economic salvation is along the line of a bolder obedience to the teaching of the New Testament. There one reads concerning a "Kingdom of God." This is a state of society erected upon religion for a foundation and having friendship for a law of daily intercourse. "I have called you friends." Let religion with its doctrine of God's Fatherhood be more truly understood in all its revolutionary implications for democracy and industry; let Jesus' law of friendship dominate more frankly and continuously all the relations of employer and employee, of citizens and public official—and you will in the long run gain everything that Marx would gain through his doctrine of economic struggle on a basis of class-consciousness. And meanwhile, you will not lose some of those sanctions of faith and reverence; you will not part with those inheritances of habit and instinct which are worth conserving.

Is it old-fashioned? I think not, but in the word "Christian," interpreted in an up-to-date, rational, humanitarian fashion, I find a sufficient recipe for our present social ills.

"Who is a Christian? It is one whose life
Is built on love, on kindness and on faith;
Who holds his brother as his other self;
Who toils for justice, equity and peace;
And hides no aim or purpose in his heart
That will not chord with universal good.
Though he be pagan, heretic or Jew,
That man is Christian, and beloved of Christ."

PETER PENTECOST.

Loyal Lincoln Wirt.

When the Acts of the Micronesian Apostles comes to be written, it will take high place in the history of missions, if not in sacred literature.

On the Island of Raratonga, the London Missionary Socciety (our British American Board) has long had a successful mission, with a college for the training of native workers.

When the evangelization of Papua (the British half of New Guinea) was undertaken, the work was long retarded by the lack of native helpers. The Papuans themselves do not take kindly to study, and it has never been possible to raise up a native ministry on that big, tropical island where James Chalmers accomplished his great work, and won his martyr's crown.

The Raratongans, on the other hand, are probably the most eager scholars, devoted Christians and ardent missionaries of the South Sea Island peoples. When the missionary ship "John Williams," brought word to the Raratongan mission that the evangelization of Papua, even under the splendid leadership of James Chalmers and Robert Laws, was greatly hindered by reason of their inability to provide native teachers, interpreters and evangelists, a whole theological class, a "Raratongan Band," volunteered to leave home and native land, and sail away to that cannibal island in the mid-tropics, with its hostile inhabitants and even more hostile climate.

It is a rule with the London Missionary Society that their native helpers shall be married. It is a rule with fever-haunted Papua that these brave young missionaries shall not live in its fever-haunted jungle for more than ten years.

In its triangular cruise, embracing Australia, New Guinea and Micronesia, I used to meet a good many of the passengers of the "John Williams." We were always especially glad to welcome and entertain these splendid young graduates from the Raratongan school, with their happy brides, eagerly looking forward to their labors and sacrifices in darkest Papua. Frequently they would spend a Sabbath with us, and from my pulpit in the City of Brisbane they often sang their sweet, rollicksome songs.

Again I have seen them returning, these brave, brown missionaries, returning alone, after a year or two, going back home, but not to stay, going back to the school—widower in quest of another wife-martyr; a wife in search of another missionary husband.

It is a heroic chapter in the brave story of missions—this zeal on the part of our Raratongan church to give itself a living sacrifice for the head-hunting tribes of New Guinea. While not a native of this particular group, but of an island further south, Peter Pentecost had the Raratongan spirit, and became a wonderfully effective and devoted missionary.

For fifty years the plantations of Queensland have been cultivated by Kanaka labor. Planters in need of laborers

have been in the habit of visiting the many islands off the coast of Australia to secure workers for their cane-fields.

The "boys" as they are always called, were fairly treated and fairly paid, as a rule. Many of the planters provided schools and chapels. Some engaged teachers. The churches in nearby towns were encouraged to maintain religious services. These efforts were crowned with gratifying success. Fully half of the cane-boys became gentle, lovable christian characters.

Peter was an intelligent boy, learned readily and was soon a Sunday School teacher. He possessed an unusually fine tenor voice which brought him into prominence and leadership.

When the Labor Party came into power in Queensland an iniquitous law was passed called the "White Australia Act." One of the provisions of this bill required that all imported colored laborers should be repatriated, sent back to their native islands.

It was a sad time when our Kanaka boys were rounded up like black sheep and driven upon the Government transports to be taken back to the black belt. There were no exceptions; the civilized with the uncivilized, the Christian with the heathen, those who had been recently imported with those who could remember no other home—all were crowded upon the steamers and scattered over Micronesia. In some of these islands, like the Gilberts and New Hebrides, where Christian civilization has changed primitive conditions, the return was not a tragedy. But the Government was not always careful to select such islands. In numerous instances our Christian boys were dumped upon islands where the head-hunters still terrorized and devastated the land.To such an one Peter Pentecost and a dozen others were brought.

I could write a fateful chapter on this blunder of a socialistic Government, and of the cruel stiffling of thousands of awakened minds, which, after centuries of stagnation, were at last eagerly climbing up into the light. Selfishness by whatever name can never long retain the seat of power.

But now we are concerned alone with Peter. What became of his companions I leave to the imagination. When the boat returned to the ship, Peter was captured by the wild men who rushed down from the hills, his box broken open and its contents appropriated. That night, as he lay in his bonds, he found comfort, as Paul and Silas had found it, in song.

In the morning the children gathered around him and listened as to some strange, new song bird. When the savage men came to take him, the children pleaded for his life that he might amuse them with his melodies. The children prevailed and Peter's life was spared.

In gratitude he gathered the little black boys and girls about him and taught them to sing. When he had gained their confidence he proposed that they build him a chapel of bamboo and palm-leaves, and there he would tell them stories. The stories were from the Bible.

His influence soon became great in the village. One day in seven he taught the people to rest from their fishing and fighting and gather in the chapel to hear the children sing sacred songs and listen to his prayers and stories and talk about a new way of life.

After a time a neighboring village made war upon Peter's village. The war drums sounded day and night and the fighting men prepared for battle. Peter told them the white people of the earth do not fight any more, but settle their difference in council. He proposed to go to the enemies' territory and find out what their grievance was. Bearing the truce-emblem aloft, he succeeded in getting the ear of a messenger from the enemy. Upon inquiring what the trouble was he was astonished to learn that he was the cause of all their enmity.

They were jealous because the neighboring village had a singer and a leader and they had none. Peter proposed to settle the difficulty by coming to teach them, also, one day in seven, if they would build him a chapel. This they were delighted to do. Peace was declared. The chapel was built and Peter and his gospel in song and story turned the spears into fish poles and the war clubs into cricket bats.

The island was not large, containing but half a dozen villages.Before a year had passed Peter had a chapel in every village on the island and was the itinerating evangelist of peace and good will, of song and worship, of industry and happiness from coral-reef to coral-reef, and from mountain-top to cocoanut grove.

And this is the story of the "Wrath of Man" that became a Psalm of Praise, which a Christian trader brought to us from one of the "Waiting Isles" to which he had gone, armed, but from which he returned, in peace and amasement, bringing to us a message of love from Peter Pentecost, the Kanaka boy who sang his way up from cannibal to Bishop.

Campello, Mass., October 20th, 1912.

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

Funeral Experiences at Panama.

Who ever has seen a burying-ground with hundreds of graves and not one of them that of an old man or a child? And who has seen such a cemetery without a single headstone or monument? He who has been in "The Strangers' Burying Ground" in Panama.

In this ground there was for a few months, while the climate and roving mules spared it, a plain board with the inscription, rudely painted, "Here lies poor Harriet." And thereto hangs a plaintive tale. A California miner had gathered gold, built a nice little cottage, and went to his old home in Maine and brought away his betrothed one, to make for him a happy home in the land of gold. At Panama she died. I visited him in his rough lodging. He wept and raved, tramping about the room and screaming, "What have I done that God should punish me in this way?" No man could comfort him or make that funeral occasion profitable or a mitigation of anguish. I suppose that no relative ever saw that sad story: "Here lies poor Harriet."

I recall another sad funeral. The editor of one of our papers was a man of talent—a graduate of an Eastern college and a general favorite with the foreign residents, but, like nearly all the rest of them, a slave to the bottle. His physician had warned him, "Your next spree will be your last." To save his life he gave up his brandy. But when the "Fourth of July" required an orator, he was chosen to make the oration, and did it well. At its close his old cronies urged him to drink. He told them what his doc-

tor had said to him, but they urged him to "take a little brandy in honor of the day." He yielded, went on a drunk, and two days later was a dead man. On the day of his funeral, a brother editor came to me and said: "Take care what you say at the funeral, for the men have agreed that if you say a word about the cause of this death they will all shout 'Amen,' and leave the room." I replied: "I allow no man to dictate to me, but all these know what caused this man's death, and I have no need to rehearse the story. I shall try to make the service a benefit to the living." I told them their need of righteousness and of salvation only by Christ, the Crucified, and a good impression was made.

Another funeral service was very unlike these. A young Englishman, a fine young man, was lying on his deathbed. In going to his room I met the doctor coming out, and inquired about the condition of his patient. He answered, "Oh, he will last only a day or two, but (shaking his finger in my face) don't you tell him this." In such a case, though well aware of the saving power of hope, in a case not desperate, could I let this man die unwarned? At what seemed a fit time I asked him, "Do you know that you are a very sick man?" He understood, seemed surprised, and said, "The doctor tells me that he will have me out of this in a day or two." He turned his face to the wall, drew the covering over his head, and was quiet for a minute. Then he turned to me and said, "I thank you, sir, for telling me this." His heart was in his words. There was time to hear and believe and accept Christ as his Savior, and he died a happy death. At his funeral a crowd gathered, to whom I told the story of a true Christian's death. I showed them why this funeral was unlike any other that they had attended in Panama. In all my more than sixty years of ministerial service, I have never, before or since, had an experience like this. I was full of triumphant joy, and felt like shouting a song of victory. I seemed to be having the happiest day of my life. And this was a funeral service! God and Heaven were very near, and those present got new views of life and eternal things. A young man who was present—a Jew—said to his landlady that night: "I would give the world if Pastor Rowell could say at my graveside the things he said at Goulborn's today."

A few months later he died of Panama fever, among his friends in New York. His last request was to have a Protestant clergyman sent for, which, of course, they refused to grant. I have always indulged a little hope for this man, for, though a Jew, and knowing but little about Christ, he seemed to me to live up to the light he had. The Lord knows His own, and it is well that we are not sure judges.

A great deal of my work at Panama was at funeral services, and this was the only occasion, so far as I remember that I buried a Christian's body! Did any other preacher ever have a like experience? I have held such services in hotels, in rail cars, on sea-going vessels, in the open air, and where not, but on one such occasion only did

"Heaven come down our souls to greet
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

Except this one, all my funerals in Panama were sad occasions, many of them distressingly so. I have often thanked God for this one bright vision. There are no funerals in Heaven or hell.

NEW BOOK NOTES.

"Johnny Blossom." By Emilie Poulsson. This delightful book for boys and girls is a translation from the Norwegian of Dikken Zwilgmeyer. It is a book which adults as well as children will enjoy, though it is distinctively a children's book. Johnny Blossom is an impulsive little fellow and consequently has many adventures; does many things he ought not to do, but always in the end he comes out right morally. When for instance he sent to a playmate his two treasured half dollars, his explanation was: "Oh, because I fought him and his fishpole got smashed." Johnny Blossom had wise parents, and in their management of him there are lessons for other parents. It is to be hoped that a large number of children will get acquainted with Johnny Blossom, and fathers and mothers also. **(Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.00 net; postage 10 cents.)**

"Man Or Machine—Which?" By Al Priddy. A subtitle of this book is "An Interpretation of Ideals at Work in Industry." Mr. Priddy's study shows man more and more mastering the machine. "The suggestive result of any careful study of the modern industrial situation reveals the fact that no matter how complex machinery shall become, no matter how many of our tasks shall be taken in hand by it, no matter how huge mills shall become, the workingman will always be left to master the machine." Indeed, says the author, one may almost venture a law that reads: "The more mechanical the world becomes, the better type of workman we shall produce." After considering what has taken place in the workman and in the employer by the coming of the machine, the author shows that the play is not yet ended, and that the economic mastery all the time being accomplished is to go on to grander fruitions. And, what is more, the machine age is to become more and more a moral age. There is inspiration in Mr. Priddy's study: "The coming workman is to be reinvested with skill and crowned with good moral character. * * * Machinery never ran machinery. Always and ever the interventions of man's skill and man's moral expressions are necessary. The more machines become machines, the more man becomes man. The mechanical exigencies demand that. The finer mechanical adjustments become, the more clear-headed, sure-handed, quick-thinking must the man who operates it be." In a chapter on "The New Employer," the author shows how idealism pays and that everywhere we are moving to the position that nothing can be economically right that is humanly wrong. **(Pilgrim Press, Boston; 75 cents net, postage 8 cents.)**

"The Masculine Power of Christ." By Jason Noble Pierce. The author seeks to measure Christ as a man. His conclusions are: (1) "Christ was an outstanding leader in advance of his generation in vision and power." (2) "He has made a greater impression for good on the life of the world than any other man, affecting the history of the world increasingly as time passes." (3) He is today the most revered and beloved man of history." Then the author goes on to place alongside this estimate of Christ a study of his concern for "the under man," thus bringing the greatest of men and the least of men together in order to observe the attitude and action of the former. The finding is that the human thing is to love and court the

men at the top—in the community, in the church, in the college, everywhere. "In itself this is not wrong; though by itself it may be. At any rate it is as far as humanity carries us. We bask in the friendship of the men at the top." But the author proceeds to show that Christ's example and teaching indicate that the divine thing is to love and help men at the bottom. And, "Nothing can save the world from the disasters of selfish living except the practice of Christianity as it was begun by Christ." Ever "the eternal temptation of the Christian Church is to reach those who least need its ministry." **(Pilgrim Press, Boston; 50 cents net; postage 5 cents.)**

"The Synoptic Problem." By Doremus Almy Hayes. This litle volume of 87 pages gives in brief the results of wide research and extensive writing on the synoptic problem. The conclusion at which the author arrives is that in details the history of the composition of the synoptic gospels, Matthew, Mark and Luke, is likely to remain forever a mystery. There is intelligent and illuminative consideration of resemblances and differences and the various theories. A valuable bibliography for wider study is given. As to the four gospels the author says: "Each has its peculiar value, and all together furnish us with an adequate and satisfying portrait of the Christ." **(Eaton & Mains. New York; 35 cents net.)**

"The First Church's Christmas Barrell." By Caroline Abbot Stanley. This Christmas barrel was filled with cast-off and worthless clothing. There is a vivid word-picture of its reception by a home missionary family, and of the consternation and humiliation which prevailed in the circles from which it came when the travesty was promptly returned, with appropriate and suggestive scripture texts pinned to the old shoes and hats and moth-eaten garments. Such a box could not go out from any church today. But, doubtless, we have in this story a picture of what has been approximately. **(Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York; 50 cents net; postage 5 cents.)**

"The Joy of the Lord." By J. R. Miller. In a foreword Dr. Miller says: "Far more earnestly than we know does God want us to be happy. It grieves a true human father to see his children unhappy. Our heavenly Father is pained and disappointed when his children on the earth are discontented and anxious, or when they do not rejoice. This little book is a call to joy, to Christian joy and to joy that will make joy in others." The book is an attractive one of 36 pages, so illustrated as to make it a suitable Christmas-time gift. **(Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York; 50 cents net; postage 6 cents.)**

"Back to Religion." By Rudolf Eucken. Professor Eucken begins this little volume with the words: "He is but a superficial observer of the times who can think that the movement of life today is altogether against religion, and that only the denial of religion has the spirit of the age with it. For, certain as it is that blatant denial still holds the public ear and is more and more permeating the masses, yet in the work of the intellect, and likewise in the depths of men's souls, the case is different. Here, with ever greater vigor, is springing up the feeling that religion is indispensable, the yearning for religion." While what is understood by religion is often not clear, and often very different from the traditional forms, yet "the demand is unmistakable for more depth of life and for the establishment of profounder inner connections than our visible existence affords." Professor Eucken finds that more and more the undercurrent is rising to the surface and says that unless every indication fails it will soon come into control. This tendency is because of 'the increasing dissatisfaction with modern civilization, or at least with those aspects of civilization which now occupy the surface of life. All the splendor of the external successes of civilization cannot hide the fact that it does not satisfy the whole man with his inner needs, and that the amelioration of the world around us which it has accomplished does not compensate for the inner emptiness of its excessive concentration of effort on the visible world, its secularization of life." **(Pilgrim Press, Boston; 35 cents net, postage 5 cents.)**

"Mrs. Mahoney of the Tenement." By Louise Montgomery. Eight high-class stories revealing life as it is in the tenements—its hardships and sorrows along with its joys, and the kindliness of heart for heart in times of need! Apt illustrations by Florence Scoville Shinn add to the attractiveness of the book. While a reading of these pages will provoke laughter all earnest hearts will have implanted in them a desire for the speedy coming of a day when better conditions of life shall prevail for Mrs. Mahoney and her kind. **(Pilgrim Press, Boston; $1.00 net, postage 10 cents.)**

"The Man with the Pitcher." By John F. Genung. In this beautiful Christmas story concerning the birth and childhood days of Jesus, Obed, the "Man with the Pitcher," plays in one way a small part, and yet in another gives the tone to the whole book. Obed is mentioned in only one place in the Gospels, when two disciples, sent ahead to the city, are directed to follow "a man bearing a pitcher." In Professor Genung's story Obed is represented as of just the same age as Christ. His father, a citizen of Bethlehem, was in the party of shepherds to whom the angel appeared with "glad tidings of great joy." Afterward, Mary and Joseph and the infant Jesus stayed in his parents' house. Obed gives a graphic account of all the wonderful happenings of the time. The book contains a beautiful colored frontispiece by Tissot, and is an attractive Christmas booklet. **(Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York; 50 cents net, postage 5 cents.)**

"Old Four Toes, or Hunters On The Peaks," By Edwin L. Sabin. A gripping story of adventure on the frontier! Something the boys will enjoy! Thrilling, but never unwholesome! Relates to exploring and hunting experiences in the Rockies—with enough of the grizzly bear and the Indian to give zest throughout. **(Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.50.)**

"A Guide for Teachers of Training Classes." By Margaret Slattery. The name of Miss Slattery as the author of this book is an assurance of its high value. On the introductory pages she says: "The object of all teaching in the Sunday-school is the making of real Christians. The church is convinced that it cannot entrust this task to whoever may be willing to undertake it. To provide teachers who know how, who shall be able so wisely and intelligently to teach the child at each stage of his development, that his growth in Christian character may be steady and uninterrupted, leading to definite service through the church for the world, is the great problem before the

church of every name today. If such teachers are to be secured for the Sunday-schools the church must train them." Hence this book by Miss Slattery, who is an adept in such work. **(P lgrim Press, Boston, 50 cents net, post age 8 cents.)**

"The Even Hand." By Quincy Germaine. A story based on life in a great factory city in which are ably pictured that variety of characters which are found in the industrial world. The lesson inculcated is one of consideration and fair dealing for others. It is this that wins. A good book to read in these times of unrest and conflict industriously. It will make for more democracy in which only is to be found the solutions. **(Pilgrim Press, Boston; $1.20 net, postage 15 cents.)**

"Spiritual Surgery." By Oliver Huckel. In this volume by a Congregational preacher there is impressive presentation of spiritual truth by analogies in the field of surgery. Several of the articles were first given as addresses to medical students in the University of Pennsylvania. Topics are: The Celestial Surgeon, The Anatomy of the Soul, Some Miracles of the Surgeon's Knife, God's Gift of Anesthesia, The Antiseptic Life, Certain Life-or-Death Matters. **Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York; 75 cents net; postage 8 cents.)**

"At the Crossing with Denis McShane." By William Allen Knight. A tender touching little story, out of a life experience doubtless, which will enable the reader to say with Father O'Leary, the Catholic: "We cannot always see eye to eye in maters of faith, but we can in the things of love;" and to say also with the Protestant dominie, "We are together in two of the great three anyway." The book breathes the Christmas spirit which breaks down social and religious barriers. Five full page illustrations by Florence Scovell Shinn add to its worth. **(Pilgrim Press, Boston; pages 57; 60 cents net, postage 5 cents.)**

"Unto Me." By Walter Rauschenbusch. In this booklet of 31 pages this well-known writer considers the religious quality of social work, shows that social work is religious work, that love for God demands love for men; that love for men trains the love for God, and that social work brings a new experience of religion. "Religion has the master word in human life. When patriotism, poetry, science, or philosophy rises to its highest level, it becomes religious. In the great moments of life, either in joy or sorrow, nothing suffices except religion. If the Titanic had sunk while the band was playing anything but a religious song, it would have been felt as a dissonance. Nearl yall the forms of charity and human betterment began in the souls of men and women who had the substance of religion in them. . . . Living religion gives prophetic insight and daring, and so raises up the pioneers of love and justice." **(Pilgrim Press, Boston; 35 cents net; postage 5 cents.)**

Among the foreigners of distinction who will contribute to **The Century** in the near future is Arthur Christopher Benson, author of "From a College Window." One of his first articles will deal with a phase of character aptly described by its title, "British Uncommunicativeness."

MY BOOKS.

By a Wanderer.

My books and I have been separated for two whole years. They have been in storage, hidden from the light of day, and I have been a wanderer on the face of the earth. Today we are re-united and the prodigal owner rejoices on his own return to the friends of many years. Exiles from their own libraries will understand the joy of unpacking the heavy cases which so taxed "the remover to remove"; will understand the greater joy of seeking for and finding the favorite volume and placing it where the eye can lovingly rest upon it. And now, now, at last, has come the leisure to enjoy. Together, that dear other lover of good books and I have traveled side by side; together have we glanced at pages and wondered if the time would ever come when we could read the volume itslf; together now we face a future—be it long or short—when books need no longer be as the waters of Tantalus. The children have grown up and gone out. The questions of their high school days have all been answered; the silences of their university study time are no longer necessary. They are now beneath roof trees of their very own and the questions now are theirs to answer. The leisure and the books are ours to enjoy. How long at eventide shall there be light to read?

MODOC INDIANS.

O. L. Corbin.

The building in which we held our Indian services was destroyed by fire about two weeks ago, thus leaving us without a place to hold our services. The last two Sundays I have had services in an Indian home. The room was not large enough to accommodate one-third of the Indians who came to the services.

The building destroyed belonged to the Indians and was used by them as their public hall. I am told it cost about $1,000.

It is very necessary that we erect a new building at once. It will be impossible to keep up the services unless we have a more suitable building than the one we are now worshipping in. It will cost six or eight hundred dollars to build. We plan to build without any cost more than the material. With the help of the Indians I can put up the building and thus save the expense of labor. Will the good people of our churches in California aid us to the amount of what the material will cost—$600 or $800? Surely this is the Lord's work. These poor Indians need all the help we can give them. They have been neglected, and never had a chance. Any contributions for this work may be sent to Rev. Geo. W. Hinman, 21 Brenham Palce, San Francisco, or to the writer at Likely, Cal.

Likely, Calif., Nov. 23, 1912.

What obstacles or handicaps in the lives of the world's greatest men helped make their success? The answer to this question will be the keynote of a series of biographical articles to appear from month to month in the new volume of **St. N'cholas,** in which young readers of the magazine will be helped to more intimate acquaintance with Phillips Brooks, Emerson, Irving, Lincoln, Agassiz and other famous men.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Sherman.—Rev. Oramel F. Thayer, pastor of this church, and Mrs. Emma M. Morrow of San Diego, were married Oct. 31.

Paso Robles.—The Rev. T. M. Buley, recently of Calexico, has accepted a call to the pastorate and has entered on the work.

Buena Park.—This church has just called to its pastorate Rev. Marshall W. Meserve, who recently completed a very successful work at Falk and Fields' Landing, in Humboldt County.

Grass Valley.—Received four into membership at the November communion, three upon confession. Its annual meeting showed all bills paid and the full apportionment met. The most promising feature of the year is an Intermediate Society of Christian Endeavor numbering 15 members, and a Sunday school choir of 20 members. Rev. Ben F. Sargent is the pastor.

San Francisco, Richmond.—Dr. Cull has resigned from the pastorate of Richmond Congregational Church. This was made necessary by the repeated attacks of throat and bronchial trouble of Mrs. Cull extending over a year. By the advice of her physician both Mrs. Cull and the doctor leave for Honolulu Tuesday, December 3, on the liner Sierra. Doctor Cull expects to devote himself to literary work for a considerable period. Much regret has been expressed by the members and attendants of this church at the loss of their pastor. A leave of absence was suggested but Doctor Cull does not think such a step would be wise.

Oakland, Fourth.—Our new pastor, Rev. Alfred J. Kennedy, with Mrs. Kennedy and the family, are comfortably settled in the parsonage and have already entered heartily into the life of the church and taken up the work with promising results. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy emanate a kind, genial atmosphere and are drawing to them the interest and friendship of the members of the church and the immediate community. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy and three children were received into the fellowship of the church at its last communion service. The usual winter activities are in preparation and the Annual Bazaar, planned by the Ladies' Aid Society for December 12th and 13th, promises splendid literary and musical entertainments for the two evenings.

Oakland, Myrtle Street.—Last Sunday evening the Myrtle Street Church conducted a service of beauty and strength. The parables of Luke xv were presented in scripture, music, story, art and sermon. Three Sunday-school boys read the three parables; a young man of the Endeavor Society read a touching, telling story of how a Western sheep-owner found a lost sheep and a lost man. The choir rendered "Christ Receiveth Sinful Men," solo and chorus, "In the Land of Strangers," and the solo, "The Ninety and Nine." Mr. Saake loaned the picture of the shepherd reaching down the steep hillside to rescue his sheep. The pastor revealed Jesus as the faithful Shepherd, devoted woman and forgiving father. At the close of the regular service people tarried and several said they would join the church.

Loomis.—The work at Loomis is exceeding all expectations under the leadership of the pastor, W. B. Redburn. The congregations are good; there have been some accessions to the Church. The finances are in excellent shape. At the last report of the Treasurer there was enough funds on hand to meet all claims including pastor's salary two months in advance. The church building has been painted, papered, new carpet has been supplied and the seating capacity increased. A committee has been appointed to secure plans and specifications for a new building to cost six or eight thousand dollars. A lecture course has been arranged including two musical numbers, the first of which will be given Dec. sixth. The following brethren will appear in the course: Rev. J. B. Orr of Oakland, Rev. A. B. Patten of Sacramento and Rev. Wm. Miller of Auburn.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. S. C. Patterson of the North Berkeley Church gave an address to young men of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. at Vallejo Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Kate S. Merrill, wife of the Rev. C. W. Merrill of Saratoga, passed into the other life from their home in Saratoga on the 23rd of November at the age of 60.

The Rev. Dr. Eversz, superintendent of the German department of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, has been looking over the work in California during the recent weeks.

Mrs. Eliza C. Foster, wife of the Rev. Dr. Foster of Olivet, Michigan, formerly professor of systematic theology in Pacific Theological Seminary, passed into the higher life on the 13th of November.

"The Crime of Capital Punishment" will be the subject of an address by the Rev. Wesley Mell of the American Bible Society at the next Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity.

Reports at the annual meeting of Mayflower Church, Pacific Grove, showed all obligations incurred in the erection of their fine new building, except $4,000, paid. The Ladies Society has met its $1,000 pledge, and has in addition provided equipment for the church in various ways.

Joseph Pennell, whose lithographs of the Panama Canal, published several months ago in **The Century,** attracted wide attention, and whose later newspaper illustrations of the Canal have also been the subject of much comment, will contribute to **The Century** for 1913 four new groups of pictures, including Philadelphia, the Yosemite, San Francisco, and the Grand Canon. Nearly a year ago **The Century** commissioned Mr. Pennell to go to Panama and so illustrate the progress of work on the great waterway that the American people would get a clear idea of what the Canal meant. The result was so strikingly suc-

cessful that **The Century** gave Mr. Pennell another commission. Philadelphia and San Francisco are splendid subjects for his skill, while the Yosemite and the Grand Canon suggest un unending series of picturesque scenes.

Mr. T. T. Giffen, a graduate from Pacific Theological Seminary in the class of 1912, was ordained and installed as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Fresno on Friday, November the 15th. The sermon was given by President Blaisdell of Pomona College, also the ordaining prayer. The charge to the pastor by Superintendent Rathbone; the charge to the people by Rev. R. F. Carter, and the right hand of fellowship by the Rev. R. B. Cherington.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity had the pleasure last Monday of listening to the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, who dwelt especially on the working of the municipal church organization in Columbus, Ohio. Dr. Gladden also sought information concerning religious and social organizations here, and questions and answers were general on the part of the guest of the day and the pastors. Dr. Gladden left San Francisco Wednesday morning, going to San Diego where he had an engagement for Friday evening.

The Congregational Church of Santa Rosa gave a reception to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wingate Tuesday evening, Nov. the 19th, in honor of their golden wedding anniversary. Attorney R. L. Thompson presided. After introductory remarks by the Rev. C. C. Cragin, an address was made by Rev. A. B. Patten of Sacramento. Following an impressive service reuniting the beloved and honored guests there was prayer by Rev. W. C. Day, the pastor of the Santa Rosa Congregational Church, in which church Mr. and Mrs. Wingate have been hightly efficient workers for many years. Messages of congratulation came to Mr. and Mrs. Wingate from all parts of the country, about 300 in all.

LOS ANGELES NOTES.

The programs of the December meetings of the Congregational Ministerial Union of Los Angeles and vicinity will be as follows:

Dec. 2.—Dr. Kinngott, City Superintendent of Los Angeles, on his work.

Dec. 9.—Dr. J. M. Harwood, "Reminiscences of the Old Days in California."

Dec. 16.—A symposium of the Problem of Christian Science. Dr. E. H. Willisford and Rev. J. H. Mallows will lead in the discussion.

Dec. 23.—Union meeting.

Dec. 30.—Rev. W. J. Marsh, "The Past in the Present."

In the little time since Dr. Kinngott came to Los Angeles he has taken a grip on his work that is highly encouraging to the men who have been standing on the firing line so long. He has been going about from church to church getting acquainted, preparing himself and the churches for the larger work we expect him to be the leader in. Here in this city, which has gained 200,000 in population in six years, we have established in the same time only three churches! Southern California Congregationalism looks for an acceleration of its church founding program now that we have added Dr. Kenngott to our forces.

The Rev. Dr. G. F. Kenngott entered on the work of Congregational City Missionary in Los Angeles on the 3d of November. Dr. Kenngott says: After a pastorate of twenty years in a large Congregational Church in the heart of Lowell, Massachusetts, a city of 110,000 people, I am here by the divine will to serve the Congregational churches of Los Angeles and vicinity as their minister-at-large. I have a vision of the City of God on the Pacific Coast which shall have its gates wide open on all sides to welcome with Christian love and good-will the people of every clime and race; and because, in the words of Mazzini, "Every social question is a moral question and every moral question is a religious question,' the Congregational Church, with its splendid history, must show the Way in social Christian service and must take as its watchwords, 'Ich dien' and 'Noblesse oblige.'"

WASHINGTON.

Tamcoma Fellowship Meeting.

The Congregational ministers of Tacoma and vicinity, about a dozen, have recently formed an association for the purposes of fellowship and mutual helpfulness. Two meetings have been held. The first was addressed by the Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon. Some results of his talk are already visible. The second meeting was held last Monday and a paper was read by the Rev. Harry B. Hendley of Plymouth Church on "The Purposes and Scope of Our Association." The officers elected were: Rev. E. C. Wheeler, moderator; Miss Anna Herrick, of Sylvan, assistant moderator; Rev. Aaron I. Ferch, Tolt, scribe.

The Northwestern and the Tacoma Fellowship Meeting.

The recent joint fellowship meeting was a marked success. It was held in Plymouth Church, Seattle. The conduct of the meetings made them educational and inspirational. The only regret was that Rev. Washington Gladden was delayed by washouts, so that he did not arrive in Seattle until after the conference had adjourned. Plymouth Church proved an ideal place for such a meeting, and the program committee deserve much praise for their splendid work. Plans were put under way for local fellowship meetings, so that the smaller churches and the isolated ministers might have more frequent contact with the larger churches and the more prominent ministers. The group conferences were a great success. These were grouped as follows: Pastors, Deacons, Trustees, Missionary Committees, Men's Clubs, Women's Societies, Sunday School Officers.

The Rev. Dr. Brooks of Walla Walla gave an address on "The Pastor in His Study." Dr. House of Spokane spoke on "What Makes a Church Efficient in a Community." The Rev. Warren Morse spoke on "The Ideal Church Officer." The Rev. E. A. King on "Efficient Young People."

An Association Divided.

The Northwestern Association of Congregational Churches has been divided. One will be known as "The Seattle Association." In it will be the churches and ministers in King, Kitsap, Jefferson and Clallam counties.

The new Northwestern will take in churches and ministers in Snohomish, Island, Skagit and San Juan counties. The Northwestern will be composed of 29 churches; the Seattle of 36.

Notes.

The chapel which has been built in Medina at an ex-

pense of $1,500, and is the first building for church purposes in Medina, was dedicated last yeek. The Rev. Messrs. Greene, Scudder, Gale and Strong participated in the services.

The Rev. James Elvin, assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, Seattle, the last two years, has been called to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at The Dalles, Oregon. He plans to enter on the work the first of January.

DR. GLADDEN IN SEATTLE.

During the past week, Nov. 12-17, our city has been placed under a great debt to Dr. Washington Gladden who delivered before the Y. M. C. A. a course of lectures on "A Campaign for Friendship."

In addition, he addressed the students of the University, the Municipal League, Williams College Alumni Association, Prospect Church Men's Club.

He preached on Sunday morning in the Queen Anne Congregational Church on "A New Heart for the Nation" and in the evening for Plymouth on "The Evolution of Social Justice." He spoke with splendid power — the same and even greater that marked him twenty-four years ago.

From here he goes down the coast, speaking for President Jordan at Leland Stanford on Nov. 22; for President Wheeler at Berkeley on Nov. 26th, and for Dr. Willard B. Thorpe at San Diego, on Nov. 29th.

Would that he could be persuaded to spend several months on the coast delivering his great message on Friendship, which is religion! SYDNEY STRONG.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Rev. James Elvin, assistant pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, Seattle, Washington, and pastor for the past two years of the Fauntleroy Congregational Church, of the Sound City, has accepted a call from the First Congregational Church of The Dalles and expects to begin work there Jan. 1, 1913. Mr. Elvin has labored effectively in Seattle for the past four years. He organized the Fauntleroy Church eighteen months ago. In addition to his regular church work he has been president of the King County Sunday School Association, President of the Seattle Christian Endeavor Union, and Superintendent of the Plymouth Sunday School.

At the formal opening of the Department of Journalism in the University of Oregon on last Wednesday morning, the first address was given by Mr. Edgar B. Piper, managing editor of the Oregonian. In the course of his remarks he declared that the Bible story of the miracle in which Jesus cured a blind man, recorded in John's Gospel, was one of the best examples of good reporting, as well as one of the oldest, on record. The speaker read the entire chapter and characterized it as the best type of newspaper writing, as the reporter told what he saw in clear, short sentences, with monosyllabic words, and scarcely an adjective.

Gov. West, to his credit be it said, has been shaking up the management of the Oregon Penitentiary, by calling upon Supt. Frank E. Curtis to resign. From good sources of information it is learned that Mr. Curtis's drinking habit has been the reason why his resignation was asked for, although he has been generally recognized as an excellent official in many ways, but a few unfortunate lapses of inattention to duty have led to his undoing. In appointing Col. Lawson, of Cottage Grove, the deposed superintendent's successor, Gov. West sent him the following letter:

"This is to advise you that the excessive use of intoxicating liquor by any officer or employee connected with the Oregon State Penitentiary will not be tolerated. Any officer or employee bringing liquor upon the premises, either in or about his person, will be discharged without further notice.

"You are also advised that the use of liquor by any officer or employee, even in a moderate degree, and when away from the institution, will militate against him should the question of his promotion ever be presented to this office for consideration."

There are many complaints made against Gov. West, even among his former political friends (democrats), who charge him with "going too far." By some of these men he is characterized as a "meddler," a 'demagogue," and many other uncomplimentary terms; but in all cases he has replied that it was his own business as the StateExecutive to enforce the laws as he understood them regardless of personal consequences to himself. And in my judgment it is safe to say that there is a growing confidence in the Governor's motives on the part of the best citizenship of the State, regardless of political affiliations.

Rev. W. A. Schwimley, of the Ashland church, spent ten days, ending on the 15th inst., in assisting Rev. Dr. Countermine, of the Scappoose church, in a series of special meetings. Considerable interest was shown during the meetings, and several persons declared themselves in readiness to accept Christ and lead Christian lives.

The Ashland Church suffered a great loss in the sudden death of Mr. Delos R. Mills, one of its staunch supporters, on the 13th inst. Mr. Mills had been a resident of Ashland since 1886, and no one stood higher in the religious, social, business and political life of the community than Mr. Mills. He was born at Western Star, Medina County, Ohio, Nov. 3, 1853. When two years old his father died, and then his mother removed to Kalamazoo, Mich., where Mr. Mills lived until he was twenty years old. In 1857 he removed to Elkader, Iowa, and found employment with a drygoods firm for three years. For the next ten years he followed farming, and at the end of that time established himself in the drygoods business, which he followed until 1901, when, having acquired a competence he retired from active business, although not from the activities necessary in connection with his duties as an upright man and a good citizen.

The well-known and popular pioneer Congregational minister of Salem, Rev. P. S. Knight, married the 50th couple for the year 1912 a few days ago. For the past ten years he has averaged thirty-two weddings annually; and has probaly conducted fully as many funeral services.

Through the efforts of the management of the Y. M. C. A. of this city certain unspeakable vice conditions have been uncovered in this city which brings the blush of shame to every decent citizen; but worse than that, if such a thing could be possible, a vile sheet under the guise of a newspaper has, without qualifications, charged, in poster headlines, that the Y. M. C. A. was responsible for the

wretched conditions, and that the Association rooms were fairly reeking with shameless vice. Instead of waiting for the facts which were being ferreted out by the proper officials of the Juvenile Court, aided from the outset by the management of the Y. M. C. A., the management of the irresponsible and libellous sheet has used the occasion to increase its circulation at the expense of the good name of the Y. M. C. A. and self-respecting man and woman in the citizen. All of the principal business organizations, societies, religious bodies, pulpits have denounced the cowardly attack on one of the oldest and most useful organizations in the city in most severe terms. The vile sheet belongs to a wealthy syndicate of papers which are issued in many of the principal cities of the United States, and there is no legal recourse possible. The only remedy at hand is a club or tar and feathers. What the end will be cannot be told. The fact of the existence of the unspeakable vice, however, cannot be denied; and every possible effort is being made to uncover its ramifications and crush it out.

Eugene, Nov. 24, 1912.

The Home.

THE WATCHER.

My neighbor's grief is dark to me,
I gaze and dread, without;
And marvel how he lives to bear
The blackness and the doubt.

And yet, by all lost ways of grief
That I have had to plod,
I know how small a rift lets through
A little gleam of God.

—Josephine Preston Peabody.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S GIRLHOOD ROMANCE.

"Queen Victoria's Girlhood," as the two volumes of diaries from 1830 to 1840 published a few weeks ago are entitled, show that the young Queen had a romance before her marriage.

It was a very pleasant, almost an idyllic, one. The young Queen's girlish imagination was undoubtedly impressed by the personal charm of her Minister. Lord Melbourne was no longer young, but neither was he old. Her Majesty thought him "the finest specimen of manly beauty in the meridian of life I ever saw."

The fatherless girl was thrown into the daily society of the wifeless and childless man. The young Queen, who had hitherto been brought up almost exclusively by a woman and whose opportunities for intercourse with the leading men of the time had been very few, had now the daily society of one of the most accomplished, charming, and experienced of all the group.

Between sovereign and Minister was the relationship of affectionate regard and admiring respect on one side and of paternal solicitude and tender care, touched by chivalrous emotion, on the other, to which every page in the Queen's journals bears witness. The excellent instruction which the Minister gave her in history and the practice of the Constitution is generally known, but the journals show with how much tact and geniality it was imparted with a thousand intimate touches which reveal the relationship in which the Minister stood to the girl, who at once was his pupil and his sovereign.

She begs him to explain some high matter of state, again apologizing in the prettiest way for her stupidity, and for asking so many questions.

"It is not stupid, but I dare say you can't understand it,' and he explained it to me as a kind father would do. He has something so fatherly and so affectionate and kind in him that one must love him."

He explained everything "so clearly." He read dispatches "so beautifully with that soft, fine voice of his," that the Queen found learning sweet and pleasant.

In the evenings they often looked at books of historical portraits and of portfolios from the Windsor collections, and the queen would afterward write down in her journal what she remembered of the Minister's fund of information and anecdote.

The confidential playfulness between them is equally pretty. She asks him what he thinks of her evening gown, and is delighted when he praises it. She notes a certain olive-green, velvet waistcoat of his as something new. He smiles and hopes it is not a bad color. She has difficulty in getting her gloves on, and Lord Melbourne said:

"It is those consumed rings. I never could bear them."

She apologizes prettily for being cross one day. He explains away the ill-humor gallantly, when she catches his eye when frowning. They quarreled over her dogs, and she is delighted when he has to admit that Islay is not after all such a dull dog as he had asserted.

He does not shrink speaking seriously to her, although in the kindest manner about her failings, as more than once, when he warns her against giving way too much to personal instincts, she takes such lectures in excellent part, and has her revenge by rallying him on mixing too many wines, or on ingenious excuses which he made for avoiding going to church.

Such an idyllic relation, of course, could not last. The Queen was a young girl, and the time came when her heart and mind combined to desire the marriage which her uncle, Leopold of the Belgians, had arranged.

Lord Melbourne accepted the situation with fatherly affection and good sense.

"You will be much more comfortable," he said; "for a woman cannot stand alone for any time in whatever position she may be."

The Queen, in the fullness of her married bliss, seems almost to have grudged the happiness which she had previously found in the society of her Minister.

In March, 1839, after the political crisis from which Lord Melbourne's Cabinet managed to escape, she wrote in her journal:

"God knows no Minister, no friend ever possessed the confidence of the Crown so entirely as this truly excellent Lord Melbourne possesses mine."

She read the passage again in 1842, and added this note:

"I cannot forbear remarking what artificial sort of happiness mine was then. Kind and excellent as Lord M——

is and was and what a blessing it is, I have now in my beloved husband a real and solid happiness."

The journals as now published leave off with the substitution of married happiness for the relationship which has been described as of father or uncle for a favorite child or niece.

A sentence which recurs many times in the journals from 1837 to 1840 is: "We were sitting as usual, Lord M——beside me."

When Prince Albert came, Victoria saw and was conquered.She writes of him like a shy but warm-hearted girl, and every sentence reveals the secrets of her heart. She admits that at first she was averse to marriage. She told Lord Melbourne, when he broached the subject of her marriage: "At present, my feeling is quite against ever marrying." But the young Queen soon changed her mind, and one cannot read this book without realizing that she had great regard and deep affection for her Royal Consort. The following description speaks for itself: "Albert is really quite charming and so excessively handsome, such beautiful blue eyes, exquisite nose, and such a pretty mouth, with delicate mustachios and slight, but very slight, whiskers, beautiful figure, broad in shoulders, and fine waist."

For several pages the young Queen emphasizes the over-perfection of her future husband:

"I sat on the sofa with dearest Albert. I played two games at tactics with dear Albert, and two at fox and geese. Tied up till 20 m. p. 11. Delightful evening."

In another entry:

"My heart is quite going," and two days later the Queen told Lord Melbourne: "I quite made up my mind about marrying dearest Albert."

The following day she sent for Prince Albert and saw him alone. The journal discloses no embarrassment in the delicate task which was now the Queen's.

"After a few minutes I said to him that I thought he must be aware why I wished him to come here and that it would make me too happy if he would consent to what I wished—to marry me. We embraced each other, and he was so kind, so affectionate, I told him I was unworthy of him. He said he would be very happy, and was so kind and seemed so happy I really felt it was the happiest, brightest moment in my life, which made up for all that I had suffered and endured. I told him it was a great sacrifice, which he wouldn't allow. I feel the happiest of human beings."

After their marriage "dear Lord Melbourne" was the last person with whom the Queen conversed before the royal cople left on the honeymoon.

"I pressed his hand once more, and he said, 'God bless you, Ma'am,' most kindly. Dearest Albert came up and fetched me downstairs, and we drove off."

For The Children.

THE BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

If we were to ask the boys and girls who read this or hear it read, if they love their mother, they would open their eyes very wide and say: "How foolish! Of course I do." We do not deny it. It is quite natural for a boy to love her who has done so much for him. Love his mother? Let no one say the slightest word against her or charge that he does not love her, and he would resent it in a very positive manner.

I know a little fellow (and I fear there are a good many others like him) who finds no more enjoyable occupation than to spend his spare moments in the most caressing and affectionate manner possible smothering his mother with kisses. This same lover one day rushed up to her as she stood on the front step awaiting his return from school, and throwing up his arms was quickly preparing to receive her in affectionate embrace and apply his kisses. It was at that moment he spied several of his playfellows watching him, and as quick as a wink he ducked his head and hid it in his mother's lap—ashamed even to look up. He was actually abashed to have those boys see him kiss his mother, afraid they would laugh and call him "baby." He was willing to forego the kiss and affectionate greeting rather than he laughed at.

I do not say that this boy was a coward. Probably every boy who was looking at him would have done the same thing. But we do say that if any boy finds himself embarrased at being discovered in his affectionate caresses he should really be proud instead of chagrined. Did you ever see a man or woman refrain from kissing his aged mother or endearingly greeting her? Never. Many of them, sad to relate, have long ago bid a final farewell to her who was nearest and dearest to them in this world. Let the boys remember this.

One of the most beautiful sights in the world is that of a mother and her boy basking in each others's tender regard, and no boy should do aught to mar the perfect picture.—Northern Christian Advocate.

SONG OF SIXPENCE.

You all know this rhyme, but have you ever heard what it really means?

The four and twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds begin to sing and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunbeams.

The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her king—the sun—is risen, is day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds.

The birds who so tragically end the song by "nipping off her nose," represent the sunset.

So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie. —Exchange.

SCRAPS.

There is none waiting to punish or reward you; but you yourself create your own destiny. Your thoughts and acts are all recorded in the chapters of your life; and according to them you gain what you deserve, whether pleasure or pain.—Swami Paramananda.

Be not actuated by the fruits of action, nor take thou to inaction. —Bhagavad-Gita.

AN ORGAN OR PIANO NEEDED.

If some church has a piano or organ not in use, it would be greatly appreciated by the Sunday School of the Congregational Church in San Rafael.

Any correspondence on the matter may be addressed to **Mr. E. N. Prouty, San Fafael, Cal.**

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SHADOWS.

Railway engineers do not like the shadows which are cast across the rails ahead of them by trees and other objects along the way. Sometimes these specters of the night look like men, now they take the form of horses and cattle. And well these men of the throttle know that if these shadowy visitants are what they look as if they might be, danger lies close ahead. But soon they see that it is only the moonlight playing them tricks.

A good share of the trouble Christians have in this world comes from shadows. Life's way does not always run through meadows land and prairie. Winding along the sides of high hills, dipping deep into leafy dells, following the course of moonlit streams, and often seeming to plunge straight into the heart of some mountain of trouble, grim objects appear to lie on every hand to frighten us, and make us think that there never will be peace again. Then suddenly the thing we feared melts away, and we have seen only shadows. Does it seem to us we are walking alone? Shadows. Close by our side is the dear one who never forgets his own. And we fearful that we are not living up to our best, but that at last we shall meet the Father's frown? Trusting him, we are ever coming a little nearer to the ideal we have set before us. Do we fancy that our prayers are never to be answered? Only shadows. He is never better than our fears. Some day we will know that the faintest cry we sent up was heard and never forgotten.

Why should we weary ourselves with these shadows? Why not trust him more? As the moonlight brings the shadows on life's way, so it is God's love that sends the sunshine and the rain, and all is for our good.—Christian Work.

A DOUBLE REBUKE.

"Is she a Christian?" asked a celebrated missionary in the East of one of the converts who was speaking unkindly of a third party.

"Yes, I think she is," was the reply.

"Well, then, since Jesus loves her in spite of that, why is it that you can't?"

The rebuke was felt, and the faultfinder instantly withdrew. Some days later the same party was speaking to the missionary in a similar spirit about another person. The same question was put:

"Is he a Christian?"

In a half-triumphant tone, as if the speaker were beyond the reach of gunshot this time, it was answered:

"I doubt if he truly is."

"Oh, then," rejoined the missionary, "I think that you and I should feel such tender pity for his soul as to make any harsher feeling about him quite impossible."—Family Treasury.

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